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THE TIMES.  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
MAZES.  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.  
Sitting all alone—all alone,  
By the cheerless hearth of stone,  
Listening to the wind's low moan—  
Oh mother, pale!  
Weeping tears—freezing tears,  
Thro' the dismal web of years—  
Why sit'st thou?  
Ah! for that noble boy—  
The but of promised joy—  
Oh sin! why didst decay  
That cherished child?  
The red wine's ruby glow,  
The cursed wine's crimson flow,  
Breaks hearts—fills graves!  
The black sea sweeps the strand,  
Heaves 'gainst the peeling sand—  
Breaks on the dead white sand—  
Cold, pale, and blue!  
The moon's sweet silvery thrill  
Lovely on the lone sea field,  
But she sees not.  
Life's feverish spell is passed,  
The great pearl gates, at last,  
Their triple bolts cast,  
She enters in!  
No pain can reach her now,  
No care clouds hind her brow,  
God keeps her!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
Marrying a Blue!  
OR,  
Laura Hurlstone's Ruse.

BY MARY W. JANVIN,  
Author of "Peace or the Stolen Will."

CHAPTER I.

GOOD EVENING, Harry! What! another letter from the blue? Don't hide it! Upon my word, your correspondence grows rapidly. Congenial spirits, kindred souls, and all that! My boy, I predict this will end as all romances do—in a wedding!" and Morris Bradbury seated himself in an office chair of the apartment, he had entered one early summer evening to find his friend, Harry Goldthwaite, medical student, in the act of hastily thrusting a closely written sheet between the leaves of a large volume on the table.

"Yes, Harry," continued Morris, reaching over the table and helping himself to a choice Regalia, "the missive's name is legion. Absolutely, I'll have a supper in town at Parker's that your box at the P. O. is crammed—do you keep a Penny Post on your own account? for, like Footsman at the voice of the Pibroch of Donald Duu,"

"Past they come, fast they come—See how they gather!"

"Ah, Harry, you're in for it, my dear fellow! Say, shall I wait till you've got M. D. snugly tucked to your name—hung out your shingle in some quiet country village, and walked into the affections of all the old ladies with your pills, powders and jalaps—or straightway powder, kid-gloves, bridal favors, and et cetera?"

"Pshaw, Morris!"

"Pshaw," echoed the young man, glancing up humorously into the dark, handsome face that wore a slightly annoyed expression, "Why 'pshaw,' Harry? That sounds as if your logic and mine didn't agree—as if we didn't deduce the same conclusion from the same premises."

"Which we do not!" replied Goldthwaite decidedly.

"No! That alters the case, then. Why, my dear fellow, I thought you dead in love with the authoress who is setting all magazines on fire. Didn't you, long ago, make me cognizant of your correspondence? didn't you first address the lady by letter, prompted by admiration of her writings? haven't I seen this correspondence growing daily under my eyes—your consuming the midnight oil in punning epistles, and the lady's replies plentiful as drops in a summer shower—while 'the cry is, still they come'?"

"All which does not go to prove that I'm 'dead in love' with the lady," retorted Goldthwaite. "Head homage and heart homage are two very different sentiments decidedly. I may enjoy much a correspondence with a literary lady—admire her talents, and the graceful style, spirit, and vivacity of her creations—without rendering up my heart. Seriously, Morris, I would never marry a blue at any rate."

"Then all I've got to say is, that you're a consummate flirt, Harry Goldthwaite," exclaimed Bradbury. "We collegians are bad enough, but you're worse!"

"Prove it!" drawled the young man, smiling, and in the act revealing a set of very handsome teeth.

"Why, haven't you been flirting on paper, these three months, at least, to my knowledge?—writing sentiment, quoting poetry, and all that? Seriously, Hal, haven't you enjoyed this correspondence with Marion Heywood?"

"Why—yes?"

"Haven't you often got beyond the border ground of the sentimental—away be-

yond the regions of the merely friendly? Remember—on honor!"

"Well, yes—perhaps so!" replied Goldthwaite, hesitatingly.

"I knew it! And if you'd said as much to any lady as you acknowledge you've written, you'd stand committed!"

"Don't know about that!" was the reply. "Circumstances alter cases, you see. Now these blue stockings always have a host of correspondents. They don't mind a sentimental letter now and then—sentiment and poetry on paper. It's their trade. Seriously, you don't suppose an authoress means all she writes, Morris?"

"Can't tell. But then I thought Harry Goldthwaite did!" replied Morris Bradbury, half sarcastically. "But we'll take that view of the present case. Supposing that this lady is the exception to the general rule,—hence, taking all your expressions of sympathy and confidence for bona fide, has become somewhat interested in her knight of the pen?—not that I want to flatter your egotistical vanity, sir, for I don't really believe it myself, but suppose the thing, you know?"

"Bad case, Bradbury. Shall have to prescribe for her. My first patient—ch, Morris!" laughed Goldthwaite.

"You're a conceited exombl!" retorted Morris. "Now I wish—I only wish—that you might meet this Marion Heywood—find her young, beautiful and attractive—and how would that conflict with your theory never to marry a blue?"

"Don't believe it! Blues never are passable," and Harry Goldthwaite lighted a cigar, complacently elevating his pet to his study table at an angle of forty-five degrees with the ceiling. "You see Dame Nature, lavish of her gifts to pretty women, endeavors to compensate to the ugly ones by that bestowal of an extraordinary quantity of brains."

"Well, I can't prove, or disprove, your theory from actual experience. It never was my fortune to meet with any largely afflicted with the mania *scribendi*. But see here! Your letters come from Thornvale. Now I've a dear little cousin who resides next town, where I'm going to pass a fortnight or so in vacation. What say you to furnishing me with a letter of introduction to the authoress, and while sojourning at Cousin Sara's, I'll some day take occasion to ride over to Thornvale, present the document—and make the lady's acquaintance? Who knows, indeed, but she may prove very agreeable to me personally; and, of course, if so, since you vouch yourself a 'looker on in Vienna,' you leave me a clear field. What say you, Harry?"

A careful observer might have detected a slight contraction of the brow, seemingly at variance with the light tone of Harry Goldthwaite's reply—"Certainly I should be too happy, Morris!"

"Which, being interpreted, means 'what the deuce sent Morris Bradbury to meddling with my affairs?'" laughed Morris. "Come, own up, my dear fellow, and I'll abdicate in your favor!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Harry, affecting greater carelessness. "I wish you a pleasant acquaintance. When are you going to Elton?"

"Ah! you're in a hurry! Getting excited and jealous, too, as I live!" said Morris teasingly. "But, remember, your own denial of undue interest in the lady suggested it; and all's fair in love, you know. Wait till after I finish up a student's life and come off with the Valdeictory—for do you know I'm elected for it, Harry?—and then I'll commence the foray. But I've three hours' study yet before I sleep. Good night, Harry! Call over!"

That night before he slept, Harry Goldthwaite read over, one by one, a package of letters he had carefully tied by a blue ribbon and safely bestowed in his cabinet.

"Mental treasure—every one of them!" he murmured after their perusal. "I have half a mind to start for Thornvale myself shortly—seek an interview with Marion Heywood—and, if she be all I could judge her to be from these epistles, I return not from thence till I have found whether my happiness is secure in her keeping; for certain it is, the woman, whose sympathies are so like my own—who views life through the same medium—who has so much in common with myself—and who has thus poured out her soul to me—must be all that is fair and worthy!"

"But yet," and the flush faded from his cheek, "I must listen to the voice of Prudence. Harry Goldthwaite has a position to win. A diploma and the affix M. D. are hardly the capital to set a man up in an establishment of the *genus* 'house-keeping,' with the additional incumbrance of a literary wife more at home in her books and manuscripts than the details of a domestic manage, and far better acquainted with the derivation of a Greek root than the ingredients of a pudding. No, no! Harry Goldthwaite, poor as a churchmouse, none of that! Do you think the annoyance of a home always at sixes and sevens would be compensated fully by the pleasure of reading 'Mrs. Harry Goldthwaite's last,' or having your particular friend slap you on the shoulder, crying 'Lucky dog! What a treasure of a wife you've got, Harry! No! no! and Harry Goldthwaite turned from his reflections in the mirror, whom he had thus apostrophized, and restored the letters to

their nook in the cabinet. 'Sober see and thoughts are best, after all. I think I'll not go to Thornvale; and perhaps it would be well to add, I think I'll abate somewhat in my missives to Marion Heywood!'"

CHAPTER II.

READER, you will take my word for it that Harry Goldthwaite was not calculating or selfish, as you perhaps have inferred from the glimpse of his character furnished in the foregoing chapter. People certainly called him "practical"—some even went so far as to dub him "substantial"; none, except his friend, Morris Bradbury, dreamed of the vein of tender romance underlying that apparently careless, worldly and sarcastic nature.

Circumstances had molded Harry Goldthwaite's character; and for its apparent faults they were more blameworthy than he. His experiences of life had been hard, actual, sometimes painful—pressing against and warring with a generous, æsthetic nature, till the latter had become obscured and stifled in the conflict.

Orphaned early, and with no gentle sister to soften the asperities of his nature or bring to light its vein of hidden tenderness, the boy thus early set his heart upon an education. "Knowledge is power," "I will have that which shall build me up a competence, station and a reward for all my struggles," he said; and so had gone forth to fight against the circumstances which raised their barrier against him. And the boy, the youth and the man triumphed! He toiled through a preparatory course, through college, and finally through a profession; though latterly more than one influential friend from among the Professors at Harvard and the Medical University—foreseeing in the indomitable student the excellence of the future man—had risen in his pathway to befriending him; and a throng of talented, generous-hearted young men—foremost among whom was the rich and talented young Morris Bradbury—drawn to his genial disposition and rare conversational powers, had bestowed upon him their friendship.

Harry possessed an almost feminine appreciation of the graceful and beautiful in whatever form—whether in the natural or mental world; hence it was that, when, month after month, he read in the pages of popular magazines graceful products from the pen of Marion Heywood, he yielded to his strong desire to learn more of the inner life of one whose creations seemed but to evolve into form the dreamings of his own imagination, and whose nature seemed but an echo of his own. Thus he enclosed a note to the authoress under cover of a letter to the Editor of the Magazine, which resulted in a disclosure of Marion Heywood's residence, and, further, in the correspondence whose progress we have seen.

Had any one charged Harry Goldthwaite with a belief in the theory that in an anterior state of existence, twin souls had been severed, to be united again in this, he would have ridiculed that idea to scorn—especially had such hinted the fact that his own conduct furnished proof for his confirmation; but why, else, did this new friendship add so largely to his happiness?

But Harry was not conquered yet; as the result of his interview with his friend Morris showed. We credit this to the fact that he shared the popular belief respecting "literary women." Stale jokes concerning "blue stockings" were repeated; he quoted examples of well-known literary men and women (from the days of Socrates downward), whose domestic life had proved a failure—quite ignoring their antipodes; he held theory that, whereas, for the "mood intellectual," these "strong-minded" beings might prove companionable for the "mood practical," they were useless as those petrifactions known as fossils remains usually preserved in cabinets and museums; hence, while the moral practical held sway in his mind, he coolly renounced "heart homages" for one who, if "this deponent" mistakes not, had crept slyly into a little corner under the eaves of his heart.

That day a month, the two friends shook hands at parting—Morris Bradbury with all the honors of a Valdeictorian fresh upon him, and Goldthwaite with his Doctorate freshly conferred—"the world before him, where to choose."

"Better come to see me, my dear fellow!" said Morris Bradbury in those parting minutes. "It's just the opening for the old Doctor Thaxter has one foot in the grave, and our village boasts lots of dowry dowagers and spinsters always ailing. A handsome fellow like you—ah—might get on the right side of 'em—walk into their affections, and their purses, too. If my influence is of use, it shall be at your command; then my mother'd be most happy to welcome you to our house, where, I think, we two might make a somewhat desirable addition to the family. Come, Hal, say you'll 'settle down' at Dentwood!"

"Thank you heartily," replied Goldthwaite somewhat hesitatingly. "I should decide at once to go to Dentwood, but I have had several talks with Dr. H—,

and he advises me to go into a city. A larger field, you know."

"Any particular opening?" queried Morris.

"Why, no! but you see the Doctor would recommend me, and—"

"Oh, hang Dr. H—, his recommendation, I mean!" exclaimed Morris warmly. "Harry Goldthwaite, you're too fine a fellow—and I've too genuine a friendship for you—to let you starve in a crowded city when you might do a vast deal better. Our cities now are crowded with ambitious, toiling, aspiring professional men. A wider field, to be sure, but every one of 'em is farrowed over. Now let me appeal to your ambition. What old fellow of antiquity was it, who said he'd rather be first man in an humble village than second in command in imperial Rome. Now come down to Dentwood, and you can enter upon your profession at once, without wasting the best part of your life in struggling for a toothhold. 'Hope deferred, you know, &c.' Besides, I fancy you won't rust out socially or intellectually—for we have some few of the salt of the earth there snugly tucked away against the limits of quiet Dentwood. What say you, Hal?"

"Thank you, Morris," and Harry Goldthwaite pressed his friend's hand in all the enthusiasm of gratitude. "I think I will conclude to embrace your kind offer. It was a false ambition that prompted me to the overthronged city; and, as you say, the best part of my life might be spent in toil—and the reward, perhaps, never come. For the tone of society in Dentwood, I need but remember that my best friend and his excellent mother are numbered among its inhabitants. I will go to Dentwood—the scene of my future labors."

"Good! I'll give our good people fair warning—be your *avant courier*, heralding your coming—that is, if you so desire me," said Morris. "In a month or so, I shall expect to greet—H. Goldthwaite, M. D. in large letters on your office door down in quiet Dentwood. But look here, Hal," he added with a smile, "which keeps you up here at Cambridge for a week or so? why not accompany me down to Elton, and from thence over to Thornvale to present me in *propria persona* to the fair literary lady, Marion Heywood—eh, Hal?"

For a moment a shade of indecision played over the young man's features; then, glancing up to catch the twinkle of his friend's eye, he replied decidedly—

"No, Morris Bradbury, I must be excused from accompanying you there. By the terms of our compact, each seeks the lady alone. I'll furnish you with the proper credentials, though; hope she'll receive you *a la Ambassadeur*—and, my dear fellow, I give you instructions to stipulate a treaty of peace, armistice, or something of the lady and myself; for of late my communications have grown small by degrees, and beautifully less. 'Think she'll forgive me, Morris?' said Goldthwaite carelessly.

"Don't flatter your vanity *au contraire*," laughed Morris. "Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul! I imagine she dismissed you with the plot of her last story. A vain man is an anomaly, Harry. But *au revoir* till we meet at Dentwood!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
DREAM ON.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Dream on, nor let the minstrel's tread  
Disturb thy slumbers now;  
That Peace may her sweet halo shed,  
Around thy youthful brow;  
For e'er long may mortals rest,  
In this brief world of care;  
And sleeping hours be happier,  
If dreams of love be there.

Dream on, perchance thy lost come back,  
The loved of long ago;  
And forms of joy on Memory's track,  
Glide softly to and fro.  
Enjoy thy rest, we would not fright  
Thy angel-guests away;  
While 'neath the midnight's starry light  
We chant our simple lay.

But like the night-wind's lowly rhyme,  
Around thy casement now,  
We breathe thee our parting hymn,  
Our blessing ere we go.  
Dream on, dream on, my angels keep  
Thee guard by night and day,  
Till thou shalt sleep thy dreamless sleep,  
Then rest in Heaven away.

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.—Henry Clay, the great statesman and orator was travelling somewhere "out West," and put up for the night at a country tavern. "Mine host," in looking over the register, discovered the name of Henry Clay. There was but one "Clay." Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof? He was astonished, delighted. Next morning, as soon as the "great man" appeared, the admiring Boniface bustled forward, and, making his rule bow, said, "Mr. Clay, I believe, sir?" "That is my name," said the gentleman, in his affable tone. "Mr. Clay, the Congressman?" "Yes, sir," "Well, sir, I've heard of you, and I thought I'd just ask if you wouldn't give me and my old woman a little speech before you go?"

Speak the truth, or be silent.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
A MEMORY.

BY MATILDA SMILEY.

Oh! I love to think upon thee,  
Through the balmy hours,  
When the dew drops over sprinkle  
All the folded flowers.  
Frowns were upon every face—repulses  
At every hand. He knew not what he  
Had done that should render him an object  
Of such aversion and persecution,  
And sought to learn why he was thus treated;  
But none gave him the information he  
Desired. He only knew that something  
Terrible had happened—that something  
Withering had blighted the happiness of  
his childhood, and embittered his whole  
life; and all that could be done by that  
suffering and sorrowing boy, was done. He  
Wept!

But years rolled on! That child had  
Breathed the breath of life, and had his  
existence; but grew not up to the statue  
and attainments of Manhood as have others.  
He had no youth—no boyhood! Since  
the stormy hour of his birth, his career  
had been one of ceaseless toil and misery—  
a thankless struggle. He lived in loneliness; bore wrong and persecution; struggled and toiled—all for the mere privilege  
of living! He did not seek the usual  
recreations of youth, nor share the enjoyments  
of those who would have been his  
fellows. The sports and pastimes of his  
schoolmates were irksome to his soul, and  
he went away by himself. He sought the  
banks of the sparkling lake, the murmuring  
river, the shady forest, or the serrated  
peaks of the mountain; and with these he  
made his friends, and claimed them as  
his companions. He held converse with  
nature, and sometimes dared to lift his  
eyes to nature's God. He gazed upon the  
broad and fertile plain, the darkly heaving  
ocean, and the glorious sky above, and  
his thoughts went forth in gratitude  
to the creator of all. Hour after hour,  
when others of his own age seemed scarcely  
capable of thinking or reasoning, he  
would wander up and down some grey old  
forest, recline upon some shady bank, or  
gaze from the highest cliff of some high  
peak, and find enjoyment, and a consolation  
for his sorrows, in the beauties of  
nature. And this was his world—such  
was his happiness!

But time rolled on! In all but years,  
that boy was a man! Thus far had he  
lived—thus far had he conquered!—  
Wrong and persecution he had met and  
borne—foes had he made, and detraction  
and calumny had made him a mark; but he  
had not shrunk before them—had not  
flinched! All opposition had steadily  
levelled before his determined progress. He  
escaped the rocks of despair which proved  
the ruin of so many. Fame had he gained  
more than he desired or sought and there  
were those who called him friend. He  
respected the world and was satisfied.

Other years have been added to these!  
The clouds of life seem to be breaking  
away, and the CHILD now looks forward to  
something more pleasing than the past.  
In the enjoyment of the love and friendship  
of a few congenial souls, he feels that  
HIS life is high as it has ever been.  
With a heart overflowing with gratitude  
to all who have smiled upon him, he yet  
presses on for the right! The future is  
before him, and he asks for naught beside.  
With Byron, he can say—

"I would also deem  
O'er other's grief that some sincerely grieve;  
That two or one, we almost wish they seem—  
That goodness is no name and happiness no  
dream."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
The Child of Destiny!

BY J. WOODRUFF LOUIS.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me."—Byron.

It was on the twenty-seventh of May  
1835, that he first opened his eyes to the  
light. In what portion of the world he  
passed the early years of his life, it is not  
necessary to state. He would have blot-  
ted the very memory of childhood from his  
heart, even as he would have stricken it  
years out of his existence, could he have  
been the arbiter of his own career. He fear-  
ed was born at the dead of night, when a  
ful storm was sweeping over the land of his  
nativity, and seemed to speak prophetically  
of the stormy life that was destined to  
be his own. The shrieking gale bowed the  
weeping willows almost to the ground a-  
round the old red house where he first saw  
the light; the stars were hidden by a thick  
mantle of black and swiftly driven clouds;  
the waves of the ocean surged heavily  
against the rock bound shore in the dis-  
tance; and the old nurse, as she pressed  
the dark-eyed boy to her heart, and lis-  
tened to the warring of the elements with-  
out, sent up a hurried prayer for the child  
of misfortune thus ushered into the world,  
and foretold that his career would be in  
keeping with the night—as stormy and as  
vain!

This world is one of beauty. The  
mighty ocean, the sky, the storms, the calms,  
and the heart thrilling beauties of Nature,  
all speak of its loveliness and grandeur  
—all unite in singing its praise. But its  
inhabitants are not alive. Man's destiny  
is governed by his birth. With wealth  
at command, who cannot be happy? He  
can revel in all the sunshine of life, and  
drive the petty trials and sorrows away.  
But not so with those who know and feel  
the attending miseries of being born poor!  
Then the world seems to doubt the right  
to live, and life can only be retained by  
those who toil, struggle and strive on—  
Every faculty is called into use—all en-  
ergy and perseverance must be called into  
requisition, or the storms of life will con-  
quer. There is no alternative but this!

Thus it is with the child of Destiny.  
He looked up into his mother's face and  
smiled! It was a beautiful expression of  
trusting innocence—a reflection of the  
unconscious happiness within his soul.  
The mind of that dark-eyed boy was in its  
purity, even as his God had made it—a  
mirror that naught but Heaven had shone  
upon, and one that reflected none of the  
sin and misery of the world into which he  
had been ushered. His mind could not  
grasp at the circumstances by which he  
was surrounded, nor did he comprehend  
anything of the future, the present or the  
past. He knew naught but existence and  
that was a holy joy, a living spell of delight;  
transitory, fleeting, and as mocking to all  
coming years as the heart-worship lavished  
by blind infatuation upon an unworthy  
shrine. As yet the dark-eyed boy was  
happy! Young as was his heart, Nature  
had taught it to expect a mother's love,  
and he gladdened by it. A mother's love!  
Oh, how low, how sacred! What soothing  
magic in the name! It is the sun of  
life—the gem of purity—and its seal, if  
impressed upon a young heart, rules the  
future destiny of its possessor. It seems  
too enduring to be of time—too holy to  
exist save in Heaven!

But time rolled on! Eight years had  
passed since that dark-eyed boy greeted  
the world with a smile; full five of bitter-  
ness had left their traces upon his soul.  
He was alone. He stood among strangers;  
he scarcely knew or cared whether they  
were friends. A blight had fallen upon  
his once happy home, and deep wounds  
were already ranking in his heart. A  
domestic calamity had perched like a  
mocking fiend upon the family hearth—  
home and household were no more! The  
mother he had idolized was far away, and  
knew not her son. The horrors of mental  
anguish were hers—reason had left its throne;  
they whispered in his presence that he was  
hopelessly insane! And he—the child of

destiny—had been cast forth upon the  
world, without knowing or understanding  
the cause. He found himself among  
stern-faced men and women, who appeared  
to look upon him as if he had been a moral  
pestilence, and not only seemed to wonder  
why he was created, but to question the  
wisdom of the Almighty in bringing  
him into the world! In all the wide uni-  
verse, there was not a single being who  
seemed to have anything in common with  
him—any sympathizing feeling or inter-  
est. None addressed him with kindness,  
or greeted him with even friendly warmth.  
Frowns were upon every face—repulses  
at every hand. He knew not what he  
had done that should render him an ob-  
ject of such aversion and persecution, and  
sought to learn why he was thus treated;  
but none gave him the information he  
desired. He only knew that something  
terrible had happened—that something  
withering had blighted the happiness of  
his childhood, and embittered his whole  
life; and all that could be done by that  
suffering and sorrowing boy, was done. He  
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the stormy hour of his birth, his career  
had been one of ceaseless toil and misery—  
a thankless struggle. He lived in loneliness; bore wrong and persecution; struggled and toiled—all for the mere privilege  
of living! He did not seek the usual  
recreations of youth, nor share the enjoyments  
of those who would have been his  
fellows. The sports and pastimes of his  
schoolmates were irksome to his soul, and  
he went away by himself. He sought the  
banks of the sparkling lake, the murmuring  
river, the shady forest, or the serrated  
peaks of the mountain; and with these he  
made his friends, and claimed them as  
his companions. He held converse with  
nature, and sometimes dared to lift his  
eyes to nature's God. He gazed upon the  
broad and fertile plain, the darkly heaving  
ocean, and the glorious sky above, and  
his thoughts went forth in gratitude  
to the creator of all. Hour after hour,  
when others of his own age seemed scarcely  
capable of thinking or reasoning, he  
would wander up and down some grey old  
forest, recline upon some shady bank, or  
gaze from the highest cliff of some high  
peak, and find enjoyment, and a consolation  
for his sorrows, in the beauties of  
nature. And this was his world—such  
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that boy was a man! Thus far had he  
lived—thus far had he conquered!—  
Wrong and persecution he had met and  
borne—foes had he made, and detraction  
and calumny had made him a mark; but he  
had not shrunk before them—had not  
flinched! All opposition had steadily  
levelled before his determined progress. He  
escaped the rocks of despair which proved  
the ruin of so many. Fame had he gained  
more than he desired or sought and there  
were those who called him friend. He  
respected the world and was satisfied.

Other years have been added to these!  
The clouds of life seem to be breaking  
away, and the CHILD now looks forward to  
something more pleasing than the past.  
In the enjoyment of the love and friendship  
of a few congenial souls, he feels that  
HIS life is high as it has ever been.  
With a heart overflowing with gratitude  
to all who have smiled upon him, he yet  
presses on for the right! The future is  
before him, and he asks for naught beside.  
With Byron, he can say—

"I would also deem  
O'er other's grief that some sincerely grieve;  
That two or one, we almost wish they seem—  
That goodness is no name and happiness no  
dream."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
Calculating Machine.

Babbage's celebrated calculating ma-  
chine has long been known and used in  
England, but has never been brought into  
use in this country. It is said to be al-  
most an impossibility to make a series of  
pages of figures absolutely correct and  
free from errors, except at great expense  
for proof reading. A single reader be-  
comes confused and mistaken by dwelling  
upon figures only, and is as likely to make  
errors as to correct them. As he cannot  
remain long at reading without becoming  
confused in turn, to be then succeeded by  
fresh readers. The English sailing tables,  
by which all British ships were navigated  
were said from the cause to be always  
wrong in some figure, and ships were be-  
ing wrecked continually in consequence  
of these errors.—These were made abso-  
lutely correct by Babbage's machine, which  
was the wonder of the time at which it  
was produced. But as a great discovery  
always leads to imitations, just as the best  
songs have been most frequently parodied  
so Babbage has not only been imitated  
but even surpassed.

A French savant has completed an arith-  
metical machine of surprising capacity. He  
has worked patiently at this machine for  
thirty years. His name is Thomas, and  
his machine adds up, subtracts, multiplies,  
and divides, to an astonishing extent  
with perfect accuracy. It will multiply 8  
figures by 8 others in 18 seconds, divide  
any 16 figures by 8 others in 24 seconds,  
and in a minute and a quarter will extract  
the square root of 18 figures, and give the  
proof. The machine relieves the human  
mind, instead of taxing it. It works out  
the most difficult and complex operations  
with a rapidity and accuracy that defy  
competition, and adapts itself to any sort  
of combination. Its mechanism is ex-  
tremely simple while it is compact, light  
and portable. It is now used in various  
financial concerns in Paris, and will yet  
find its way into every great national ob-  
servatory. To astronomers, it will be found  
of unspeakable value. Pascal and Leib-  
nitz spent years in attempting to produce  
such a machine, but they were a century  
too soon.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.—We learn  
that Dr. S. S. Satchell, of New Haven,  
will deliver the annual literary address,  
and Rev. J. L. Pritchard, of Wilmington,  
will preach the sermon before the gradu-  
ating class at the annual commencement,  
at Wake Forest College, in June.

A ROYAL PRESENT.—The Emperor of  
Austria has presented to Lieut. Maury  
the great gold medal for the arts and sci-  
ences, in acknowledgment of the value  
of Lieut. Maury's services as an Ameri-  
can navy officer, towards the advancement  
of science and the improvement of naviga-  
tion.

FOREIGN EMIGRATION.—Since the 1st  
of January, 12,487 emigrants have arrived  
at New York, 23,010 less than during the  
corresponding period of last year. At  
this rate the emigration for the present  
year will be less than 30,000.

PRAY IN SECRET.—"But then, when  
thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and  
when thou hast shut thy door, pray to  
thy Father which is in secret; and thy  
Father which seeth in secret, shall reward  
thee openly."

Without application, the foot is useless,  
and with application may be valuable.

Have the courage to acknowledge your  
age to day, and to compare it with the  
whole life of man.

door, against which the host gently pressed  
for admittance, but finding some resistance,  
he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his  
hand: with extreme caution he removed  
the chair and entered. With a lamp in  
one hand and a huge knife in the other he  
approached the bed on tiptoe. The che-  
valier cocked his pistols beneath the bed-  
clothes, that the noise of the spring might  
not be heard.

When he reached the side of the bed he  
held the light to the chevalier's face who  
pretended to be in a profound sleep, but  
contrived nevertheless to steal an occasional  
glance at his fearful host. The man soon  
turned from him, and after hanging the  
lamp on the bed post, went to the other  
end of the room and brought to the bed-  
side a chair, on which he immediately  
mounted, with the tremendous knife still  
in his hand. At the very moment that  
the chevalier was about to start up from  
the bed and shoot him the man in a hurried  
manner cut several enormous slices from a  
piece of bacon that was hanging over his  
bedstead, though it had been wholly un-  
noticed before by the agitated traveller.—  
The host then passed the light before his  
eyes again, and left the room in the same  
cautious way in which he had entered it,  
and unconscious of the danger he had es-  
caped, returned to a crowd of new and  
hungry guests below stairs who were of  
course not very sorry to perceive that he  
had saved his bacon.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
The Child of Destiny!

"I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me."—Byron.

It was on the twenty-seventh of May  
1835, that he first opened his eyes to the  
light. In what portion of the world he  
passed the early years of his life, it is not  
necessary to state. He would have blot-  
ted the very memory of childhood from his  
heart, even as he would have stricken it  
years out of his existence, could he have  
been the arbiter of his own career. He fear-  
ed was born at the dead of night, when a  
ful storm was sweeping over the land of his  
nativity, and seemed to speak prophetically  
of the stormy life that was destined to  
be his own. The shrieking gale bowed the  
weeping willows almost to the ground a-  
round the old red house where he first saw  
the light; the stars were hidden by a thick  
mantle of black and swiftly driven clouds;  
the waves of the ocean surged heavily  
against the rock bound shore in the dis-  
tance; and the old nurse, as she pressed  
the dark-eyed boy to her heart, and lis-  
tened to the warring of the elements with-  
out, sent up a hurried prayer for the child  
of misfortune thus ushered into the world,  
and foretold that his career would be in  
keeping with the night—as stormy and as  
vain!

This world is one of beauty. The  
mighty ocean, the sky, the storms, the calms,  
and the heart thrilling beauties of Nature,  
all speak of its loveliness and grandeur  
—all unite in singing its praise. But its  
inhabitants are not alive. Man's destiny  
is governed by his birth. With wealth  
at command, who cannot be happy? He  
can revel in all the sunshine of life, and  
drive the petty trials and sorrows away.  
But not so with those who know and feel  
the attending miseries of being born poor!  
Then the world seems to doubt the right  
to live, and life can only be retained by  
those who toil, struggle and strive on—  
Every faculty is called into use—all en-  
ergy and perseverance must be called into  
requisition, or the storms of life will con-  
quer. There is no alternative but this!

Thus it is with the child of Destiny.  
He looked up into his mother's face and  
smiled! It was a beautiful expression of  
trusting innocence—a reflection of the  
unconscious happiness within his soul.  
The mind of that dark-eyed boy was in its  
purity, even as his God had made it—a  
mirror that naught but Heaven had shone  
upon, and one that reflected none of the  
sin and misery of the world into which he  
had been ushered. His mind could not  
grasp at the circumstances by which he  
was surrounded, nor did he comprehend  
anything of the future, the present or the  
past. He knew naught but existence and  
that was a holy joy, a living spell of delight;  
transitory, fleeting, and as mocking to all  
coming years as the heart-worship lavished  
by blind infatuation upon an unworthy  
shrine. As yet the dark-eyed boy was  
happy! Young as was his heart, Nature  
had taught it to expect a mother's love,  
and he gladdened by it. A mother's love!  
Oh, how low, how sacred! What soothing  
magic in the name! It is the sun of  
life—the gem of purity—and its seal, if  
impressed upon a young heart, rules the  
future destiny of its possessor. It seems  
too enduring to be of time—too holy to  
exist save in Heaven!

But time rolled on! Eight years had  
passed since that dark-eyed boy greeted  
the world with a smile; full five of bitter-  
ness had left their traces upon his soul.  
He was alone. He stood among strangers;  
he scarcely knew or cared whether they  
were friends. A blight had fallen upon  
his once happy home, and deep wounds  
were already ranking in his heart. A  
domestic calamity had perched like a  
mocking fiend upon the family hearth—  
home and household were no more! The  
mother he had idolized was far away, and  
knew not her son. The horrors of mental  
anguish were hers—reason had left its throne;  
they whispered in his presence that he was  
hopelessly insane! And he—the child of





GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALDRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.  
ROBERT STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.  
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OUR STORY:—The new story commenced this week, "Marrying a Blue," by Miss Janvria, is a pleasantly written tale that will point a moral before the reader follows the authoress to the conclusion. Miss Janvria is a talented writer, as the reputation gained by "Peace; or the Broken Will," which has had such a popular run, will testify. "Marrying a Blue" will run through three issues of the *Times*, and our space would not admit of enough this week to get the plot fully displayed, so as to indicate the true merits of the story. But it is as life should be; it gets better as it advances.

LOCAL:—Our town has been considerably astir the present week. On Tuesday, being County Court, Mr. McKee, the distribution candidate for Governor, appeared before the people and delivered, we understand, a very able and eloquent address. It is said to have been well received and made for Mr. McKee many friends. We did not hear it, and moreover our province is something else than meddling in party strifes. We presume the two candidates will be generally heard over the State.

#### COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

We go to press before the conclusion of the exercises of the Annual Commencement of Greensboro Female College, and prefer not to divide the account of the proceedings. We may say, however, our town presents quite a lively appearance with visitors in attendance upon these exercises; and notwithstanding the rain we have had, it is much more pleasant than was anticipated a few days since on account of the dust. The examinations of the different classes were highly creditable to the young ladies and the College. The Sermon was preached Tuesday night by Rev. Wm. H. Bobbitt. It was a most impressive discourse upon the friendship of Christ, based upon the scene at the grave of Lazarus, whom he raised from the dead.

Hon. D. K. McKee delivered a beautiful and eloquent address Wednesday evening, and illustrated his lessons of wisdom to the young ladies by citations from history in which noble, patriotic and Christian woman participated and left upon the events her virtuous impress. We cannot conclude our mere notice of the occasion without a merited compliment to the large number of beautiful paintings that adorn the gallery of the Chapel and to the concert of Wednesday night so skillful and so sweet.

#### Educational Institute.

The annual session of the Educational Institute of the Methodist E. Church, South, commenced in Nashville, Tenn., on Monday the 10th inst. After the usual opening proceedings the most important item of business was the report of the committee, though their chairman, Dr. Green, appointed at the last meeting to obtain a charter for the proposed Central University of the M. E. Church, South; that they had appeared before the Legislature of Tennessee, and had obtained a charter, a copy of which accompanied the report, and was read by the Secretary.

The report of the Committee was received, and after some explanatory remarks by Dr. Green, the Charter was referred to a committee of six consisting of Messrs. Sasser, Wightman, McTear, Darby, Green, and Drake.

While the subject of the University was up, Dr. Green expressed his decided preference for the method of instruction by lectures. He thought we should advance a century in a minute, if we could banish the old-fashioned recitation plan.

Mr. Marshall thought differently. He thought that the best mode of education was that in which the student was thrown mainly upon his own resources and his own efforts.

This was the initiatory meeting, and we hope to be able to give all the principal items of interest.

#### STATE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

—We call the attention of our readers to the communication from the Executive Committee in this paper, giving time and place of meeting.

#### Southern Manufactures.

If we can read the signs of the times in passing events, the Southern States are making a great change in their political economy. It is evident by a division of labor much time may be gained, yet to effect this it is not essentially necessary that all the raw material of the South should be sent North for manufacturing purposes. Neither would it be detrimental to the raising of the raw material, if manufactures are erected in the Southern States. It will work mutually for the good of both. Then as we have the raw material in abundance for all kinds of manufacturing purposes, let us build manufactures; work up our own material; and see to it, that the people will find it to their interest to encourage HOME INDUSTRY.

As an article furnishing information upon this subject, we copy the following account of Southern Manufactures, from the *Wilmington Herald*:

It has been said, and with truth, that to no cause more than another is the Southern portion of the United States indebted for its increasing interest and attention to the manufacturing arts than the anti-slavery crusade of the North against the South, which has been urged for several years past. The Southern people followed agricultural pursuits almost entirely, and willingly paid their money to their Northern brethren for the products of their manufactures and workshops, which they as willingly received, thus becoming partakers of whatever wrongs the system of slavery involves. The South perceiving the inconsistency and hypocrisy of the abolitionists, who did not refuse to make money out of the price of slave labor whenever they were able, and to the extent of their ability, became disgusted, and has from that day been acting on the defensive. Unwilling to pay large profits to those who were abusing them, and for the very system that they themselves have all their lives been aiding and abetting, the Southern people have recently built factories on quite an extended scale, and the work is going on with increasing vigor. The subject has been discussed in the various Southern Commercial Conventions, that have convened for a year or two past, and more recently at Montgomery, Alabama.

It will be seen by the foregoing comparative statement, that there is every prospect of a great change in her system of manufactures, which will tend greatly to the establishment of her Commercial independence.

According to the latest returns, there were in the United States, in 1850, 131,457 manufacturing establishments, of which 103,932 were in the free States, and 27,525, or more than one-fifth of the whole were situated in the slave States. The entire capital invested in all these establishments amounted in round numbers to the great sum of \$530,000,000. The value of raw material used and consumed yearly amounted to \$550,000,000; amount paid for labor \$240,000,000; value of articles manufactured \$1,050,300,000; number of persons employed 1,050,000.

New York has the largest number of Manufactures, numbering 28,553. Virginia is first among the Southern States, and fifth among all, numbering 4,841.

The other States in the South having the greater number are Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, that rank next to Virginia in the order mentioned, and that have from 3,708 to 1,016 establishments.

In cotton goods, there are but 1094 establishments in the whole country, of which 892 are in the free States, and 202 are in the slave States. Massachusetts counts up the greatest number of Cotton Mills, numbering 213. In the South, Georgia is at the head, with 35 mills; next comes Tennessee, with 33 mills; North Carolina with 28; South Carolina with 24; Alabama and Delaware 12 each; Kentucky 8; Arkansas 3; and Mississippi 2. The amount of capital invested in all these cotton factories, is \$74,501,031, and the number of bales of cotton consumed a year is 641,210. The value of the entire product yearly is 61,869,184, and the number of hands employed is 92,286, more than two-thirds of whom are females. Of all the hands employed 13,945 find work in the Southern States. The number of yards of sheeting, etc., made annually, is 763,578,467.

The number of establishments for the manufacture of woollen goods in the country is 1,559, with a capital of \$28,118,650 and consuming 70,862,829 pounds of wool per year. The number of hands employed is 39,252, the largest proportion of whom are males. The annual value of the products is \$43,287,555, and the number of yards is \$2,206,652. Pennsylvania ranks first in the number of her woollen mills having 380; Virginia has 121 mills, and North Carolina 1. The entire number woollen factories in the slave States amount to 202.

There were a year or two ago, 582 establishments for the manufacture of Pig Iron in the U. States; of these 2 foundries are in this State. There are 1301 establishments in the United States for the manufacture of iron castings; of which 168 were in the South. New York has the largest number, 323, and the largest amount of capital invested in them. Pennsylvania has nearly as many manufactures but upwards of a million dollars less capital. Ohio is doing about half as much business in this department as New York.

Of the Southern States Virginia takes the lead, with 54 establishments. Kentucky has 20, Tennessee and Maryland 16 each, Delaware 13, Alabama 10, Mississippi and Louisiana 8 each, Missouri and South Carolina 6 each, North Carolina 5, Georgia 4, and Texas 2. The entire capital invested is \$17,416,361, and the annual products are valued at \$25,108,155.

There are but 4222 manufactories of wrought iron in the land, 129 of which are in the South, and 181 in Pennsylvania. Tennessee has 42 establishments, Virginia 39, North Carolina 19, Maryland 17, Georgia 13, Delaware and Missouri 12 each, and Alabama 1. The entire capital invested in the business is \$11,495,220.

Most of the malt and spirituous liquors are manufactured in the Northern States, since of the \$8,324,254 invested in the manufacture, but \$295,490 is thus used in the South. About a fourth part of all the capital is invested in New York, and there is more in each of the States of

Pennsylvania and Ohio than in the entire Southern States. The annual product is as follows: Barrels of ale, 1,177,924; gallons of whiskey and high wines, 42,183,555; gallons of rum, 6,500,500.

There are 6,263 tanneries in the United States, of which the South has nearly one-third part, or 2,005. Pennsylvania alone has nearly one-sixth part of the whole number, or 1059. The Southern States rank in the following order: Tennessee has 394, Virginia 341, Kentucky 275, North Carolina 151, Alabama 140, Mississippi 148, Georgia 140, Maryland 116, South Carolina 92, South Carolina 91, Arkansas 51, and the other Southern States a less number each. The entire capital invested in all the tanneries in the land is \$18,900,557; the number of skins in them being 2,658,865, and the number of sides of leather counting up 12,257,940.

And then there is another kind of manufacturing in the South, that is almost unknown in the Northern section of the country. We refer to the manufacture of tobacco. As Virginia is the leading State in its production, so it is also in its manufacture. In the city of Richmond alone, there are now fifty-six manufacturers of the staple, whose united capital amounts to four or five millions of dollars. More tobacco is opened, inspected and sold in that city, probably than in any other single place in the U. States.

#### Leisure Readings; or A few of the best things WE FIND IN Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

THE EDITORIAL SUMMARY of the HOME CIRCLE, printed in Nashville, Tenn., contains the fullest variety of interesting and useful articles of any Magazine in our acquaintance. We never fail to find something to extract from each number, and often wish for room to copy more.

We present our readers with an interesting editorial from the "Centre-Table" of the May number, entitled

#### National Characteristics.

THE CHINESE.—Our admirable friend, Dr. Taylor, has been discoursing to the Scientific and Literary Association of Spartanburg, South Carolina, about the manners and customs of his late parishioners of short feet and long eue notoriety. He represents them as indeed our antipodes, in more respects than one. They commence their feasts, for example, with sweetsmeats, and finish on pork and nutmeg. They mount a horse from the right side, shortening their stirrups till their knees are almost on a level with their thighs. Their shoes often have the leather inside and the lining outside. Instead of livery stables, they have depots for sedan chairs, to carry which upon demand, crowds of coolies are always within call. Thousands of these queer people spend their lives in boats or floating houses on the river, where they not only raise ducks and geese, but carry on mechanical trades, and even cultivate gardens. They are not, as is supposed, commonly guilty of infanticide and of eating rats and puppies, being rather addicted to vegetable diet, and having founded hospitals for the reception of deserted children. One curious fact the lecturer mentioned. While Chinese servants are exceedingly dishonest, they will steal nothing, with a view to eating it, which they know to contain butter. They think it barbarous to eat such stuff.

Speaking of these funny creatures, the San Francisco News Letter says: "The bodies of these hundred dead Chinamen are now lying on one of our wharves, nicely packed and directed, ready for shipment to their long home in Fookien." The freight money on the lot is \$7,000."

THE SLAVES are still more addicted to the water, than their owners are. On a swarming is to bath; they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again at three, and bathe again about sunset. There is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. Boys go to play in the streets. I once saw, says a writer in Household Words, a Siamese woman sitting on the lowest step of a landing place, while, by a girle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers, many lives would be lost, for the tides flow so swiftly that it needs great skill and care to prevent boats running foul of one another; and, of course, they are frequently upset. On one occasion our boat (an English-built gig) ran down a small native canoe, containing a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all capsized and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and C. was on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they bobbed up; and the lady, with the first breath she recovered, poured forth a round volley of abuse. This relieved in her mind, she coolly righted her canoe, which had been floating bottom upwards—laded out some of the water, and bumbled in her two children, who had been meanwhile comported swimming round her, regarding with mingled fear and curiosity the barbarians who had drowned the mishap. Besides producing danger to children and having great fondness for the water, the Siamese have some other strange ways. Their ambassadors were recently presented to the Queen of England; upon which occasion, having made profound salams, they threw themselves on their hands and knees, and in a compact body went upon the room on all-fours to the throne. The royal gravity was sorely tried by this proceeding; but when the principal ambassador, increasing his prostrations, laid his chin on the step of the throne, and in that attitude commenced to read his address, the trial became painful. The exit from the Queen's presence was accomplished by a retrograde movement on all-fours likewise, the ambassadors keeping their faces always to her Majesty.

THE BURMANS have a singular custom, practiced on the 12th of April, which is the last day of their year. The women carry syringes, for the purpose of throwing water on the men, to wash away the sins of the past year. The men have the privilege of returning the compliment; and as nothing but pure water is used, no one takes offence at being drenched.

ARABIANs are not, it would seem, wholly averse to second marriages; but when a widow has made arrangements to console herself for the loss of a "late" lord, she repairs to his grave on the night, preceding her wedding, and, kneeling down, earnestly entreats him not to be jealous. Having finished her prayer, she pours a libation of water upon the grave, and then, having laid a water upon a defunct loved one resting place, to keep him cool during her approaching honeymoon.

MR. CYRUS REDDING, so long associated with the poet Campbell in the editorship of the *New Monthly*, has just published in London three volumes of Fifty Years' Reminiscences of Contemporaries, from which we take the following

#### English Picture of Irving.

Washington Irving, now, I think, seventy-four or seventy-five years old, was in England. An acquaintance with the author of *Knickerbocker* and *Salmagundi* could not but be agreeable. I forget to whom I was indebted for the introduction, but I used to meet him frequently, as well as the American Minister, Dr. McTear. There was a pleasant breakfast given at Campbell's one Sunday, when I was present. Irving, more than commonly serious and sedate, gentlemanly and mild in manner, gave no idea, either in person or conversation, of a writer of works of humor. I mean not the humor that is at present in fashion, consisting of a bad pun or some light sentence, with a point sometimes blunt enough, or perhaps some ridiculous image, but that real wit in which Sidney Smith excelled, and which runs through a whole work, pervading every line. He was somewhat taciturn. At evening parties, or after dinner, when the wine circulated freely, I never heard a jest from his lips.

He was made a lion of at times by some who looked at a republican as a creature who had come into the world among the superfluities of mortalities. His sketches of scenes remarkable in English history, his pictures of the manners of the old country, and not a single censure cast on the mad monarch who separated the English family for ever, made him tolerated by the "exclusively loyal," with "Who would think it?" When my friend Andrews was in Tacoma, where an Englishman had never been before, the people thought the English had tails—a notion once inculcated by the Spanish *padres*, to make the Protestants disliked. So a fiery son of exclusive loyalty once looked upon a republican. He did not give him a tail, indeed, but thought him a Jacobin—a being much worse than a *lunatic* nature with such an appendage.

Irving told me that he was much pleased with Spain, where he wrote his *Tales of the Alhambra*. He had found the common people and peasantry a well-disposed, single-minded race. He had lived, he said, some months in the Alhambra, with only an old woman for an attendant, and could bear witness to many virtues in the humble classes which could not be said to belong to their superiors.

I have an idea, that he composed his literary works with exceeding care and great slowness. He has since retired to a villa on the shores of the Hudson, to that State where peace and quietude dwell, so desirable in age; that kind of "retreat from care" which Goldsmith lamented never could be his: may he continue long to enjoy it.

The last time I saw Irving, if I recollect rightly, was remarkable for the presence in the party of Miss Siddons: Campbell and Lockhart, too, were of the number. What have death has made since! While Irving thought the descent of existence with the best of comforters, his books leads the life of a philosopher. He has seen enough of the world to know its value, a thing seldom known until we learn, too late, the dear price of the time we have wasted in pursuing its frivolities, and over-estimating its worthlessness. Irving cannot but be happy to have escaped from the intrigues of State affairs, and the class of those whose polished manners only add a grace to the unseemliness of convenience.

There was nothing striking in the physiognomy of Irving: it was reflective in expression. His stature was above the middle height; he was of a well-proportioned build, with dark eyes, while his countenance impressed the observer rather with amiability than intellectual power. America may well be proud of him, as she justly is of her Bryant and Channing, amidst the crowd of upstarts whom cupidity stamps with surreptitious renown on both sides of the Atlantic.

PROF. RIVES, the blind musician, gave his concert in this place as was noticed last week; and we deem it but simple justice to one so unfortunate as to be deprived of sight, and to one seemingly so worthy, to state that he had a full house, and his performance was highly creditable to his professional skill, and entertaining to the audience. We hope he may meet with a generous encouragement wherever he may go.

COURT-MARTIAL OF GEN. TWIGGS.—The court-martial, lately assembled at Newport Barracks, for the trial of Brevet Major-General David E. Twiggs, on the charge of "insubordinate conduct, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," consisting in contradictions of the order of the President, and in appeals from them to the troops under his command in San Antonio, Texas, found him guilty, and sentenced him to be reprimanded by the President, with a recommendation that the sentence be remitted. The Secretary of War has complied with the recommendation, and issued an order that the General shall resume his sword and the command of the department of Texas.

THE IMMENSE DEBT OF ENGLAND.—The national debt of England, caused by the accumulated expenses of former wars and former deficiencies between receipts and payments is, in round numbers, £800,000,000; the interests of which, and expense of management, &c., annually amounts to about £28,000,000, equal to more than \$100,000,000, and has to be provided for out of the receipts of the year.

FREE NEGROES IN CALIFORNIA.—Notwithstanding the professed friendship made by the free state for negroes, it seems that after all the negroes have a hard time. Here is but a specimen of what has often been the case before. The Legislature of California has passed a bill prohibiting the future immigration of free negroes to California, and compelling those already there to register their names, and take out a license among them, and meetings were being held in which they discussed the question of immigrating to a body to Vancouver's Island.

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#### English Picture of Irving.

Washington Irving, now, I think, seventy-four or seventy-five years old, was in England. An acquaintance with the author of *Knickerbocker* and *Salmagundi* could not but be agreeable. I forget to whom I was indebted for the introduction, but I used to meet him frequently, as well as the American Minister, Dr. McTear. There was a pleasant breakfast given at Campbell's one Sunday, when I was present. Irving, more than commonly serious and sedate, gentlemanly and mild in manner, gave no idea, either in person or conversation, of a writer of works of humor. I mean not the humor that is at present in fashion, consisting of a bad pun or some light sentence, with a point sometimes blunt enough, or perhaps some ridiculous image, but that real wit in which Sidney Smith excelled, and which runs through a whole work, pervading every line. He was somewhat taciturn. At evening parties, or after dinner, when the wine circulated freely, I never heard a jest from his lips.

He was made a lion of at times by some who looked at a republican as a creature who had come into the world among the superfluities of mortalities. His sketches of scenes remarkable in English history, his pictures of the manners of the old country, and not a single censure cast on the mad monarch who separated the English family for ever, made him tolerated by the "exclusively loyal," with "Who would think it?" When my friend Andrews was in Tacoma, where an Englishman had never been before, the people thought the English had tails—a notion once inculcated by the Spanish *padres*, to make the Protestants disliked. So a fiery son of exclusive loyalty once looked upon a republican. He did not give him a tail, indeed, but thought him a Jacobin—a being much worse than a *lunatic* nature with such an appendage.

Irving told me that he was much pleased with Spain, where he wrote his *Tales of the Alhambra*. He had found the common people and peasantry a well-disposed, single-minded race. He had lived, he said, some months in the Alhambra, with only an old woman for an attendant, and could bear witness to many virtues in the humble classes which could not be said to belong to their superiors.

I have an idea, that he composed his literary works with exceeding care and great slowness. He has since retired to a villa on the shores of the Hudson, to that State where peace and quietude dwell, so desirable in age; that kind of "retreat from care" which Goldsmith lamented never could be his: may he continue long to enjoy it.

The last time I saw Irving, if I recollect rightly, was remarkable for the presence in the party of Miss Siddons: Campbell and Lockhart, too, were of the number. What have death has made since! While Irving thought the descent of existence with the best of comforters, his books leads the life of a philosopher. He has seen enough of the world to know its value, a thing seldom known until we learn, too late, the dear price of the time we have wasted in pursuing its frivolities, and over-estimating its worthlessness. Irving cannot but be happy to have escaped from the intrigues of State affairs, and the class of those whose polished manners only add a grace to the unseemliness of convenience.

There was nothing striking in the physiognomy of Irving: it was reflective in expression. His stature was above the middle height; he was of a well-proportioned build, with dark eyes, while his countenance impressed the observer rather with amiability than intellectual power. America may well be proud of him, as she justly is of her Bryant and Channing, amidst the crowd of upstarts whom cupidity stamps with surreptitious renown on both sides of the Atlantic.

PROF. RIVES, the blind musician, gave his concert in this place as was noticed last week; and we deem it but simple justice to one so unfortunate as to be deprived of sight, and to one seemingly so worthy, to state that he had a full house, and his performance was highly creditable to his professional skill, and entertaining to the audience. We hope he may meet with a generous encouragement wherever he may go.

COURT-MARTIAL OF GEN. TWIGGS.—The court-martial, lately assembled at Newport Barracks, for the trial of Brevet Major-General David E. Twiggs, on the charge of "insubordinate conduct, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," consisting in contradictions of the order of the President, and in appeals from them to the troops under his command in San Antonio, Texas, found him guilty, and sentenced him to be reprimanded by the President, with a recommendation that the sentence be remitted. The Secretary of War has complied with the recommendation, and issued an order that the General shall resume his sword and the command of the department of Texas.

THE IMMENSE DEBT OF ENGLAND.—The national debt of England, caused by the accumulated expenses of former wars and former deficiencies between receipts and payments is, in round numbers, £800,000,000; the interests of which, and expense of management, &c., annually amounts to about £28,000,000, equal to more than \$100,000,000, and has to be provided for out of the receipts of the year.

FREE NEGROES IN CALIFORNIA.—Notwithstanding the professed friendship made by the free state for negroes, it seems that after all the negroes have a hard time. Here is but a specimen of what has often been the case before. The Legislature of California has passed a bill prohibiting the future immigration of free negroes to California, and compelling those already there to register their names, and take out a license among them, and meetings were being held in which they discussed the question of immigrating to a body to Vancouver's Island.

#### Our Book Table.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: An Popular Dictionary of general knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Volume 1. —Araguay. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 & 348 Broadway, 1858.

Cyclopedias are numerous, but are mostly re-publications for any number of years back, and in the main give the reader but little information of recent experiments or discoveries. A good book of this kind is invaluable, presenting information on every subject desired by man, and in alphabetical order so as to be perfectly convenient for reference. Most men wish information upon a subject at a time when they cannot devote sufficient time to a full investigation as given in detail in large volumes. They want immediate information for certain purposes. A book of convenient reference with the facts briefly and plainly stated, is the friend in need. Moreover, it is not to be expected that each and every man of Science, of Art, or of Profession can afford full treatises on every subject of desirable information. Should they fully understand every thing connected immediately with their own calling, they will do well. Hence the Cyclopaedia is again a *valde mendum*.

The examination we have been enabled to give this new candidate for public favor has impressed us favorably. The articles seem full and well written, and embrace every conceivable subject. The conception of the work was a grand one, and the Messrs. Appletons are prosecuting it in a successful and highly commendable manner. The work is intended to comprise 15 volumes, a library in itself; and the first volume now before us contains upwards of 750 pages, embracing subjects from A to Araguay. If the work, being so large, and intended for constant reference, was more substantially bound, we could give it a more hearty commendation.

For a full design of the work, we beg to introduce an extract from the Publishers' Circular:

I.—The design of The New American Cyclopaedia is to furnish the great body of intelligent readers in this country with a popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.

II.—The New American Cyclopaedia is not founded on any European model; in its plan and elaboration it is strictly original, and strictly American. Many of the writers employed on the work have enriched it with their personal researches, observations, and discoveries; and every article has been written, or re-written, expressly for its pages.

III.—It is intended that the work shall bear such a character of practical utility as to make it indispensable to every American library.

IV.—Throughout its successive volumes The New American Cyclopaedia will present a fund of accurate and copious information on Science, Art, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Law, Medicine, Literature, Philosophy, Mathematics, Astronomy, History, Biography, Geography, Religion, Politics, Travels, Chemistry, Mechanics, Inventions, Trades.

In History it will give, not merely a catalogue of barren dates, but a copious narrative, under their appropriate heads, of the principal events in the annals of the world.

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Agriculture, in all its branches, will have the most careful attention.

The Industrial Arts, and that Practical Science which has an immediate bearing on the necessities of daily life, such as Domestic Economy, Ventilation, the Heating of Houses, Food, etc., will be treated of with the thoroughness which their great importance demands.

V.—Abstaining from all doctrinal discussions, from all sectional and sectarian arguments, it will maintain the position of absolute impartiality on the great controverted questions which have divided opinions in every age.

The History of Religious Sects will be written, as far as possible, by distinguished members of the different denominations, respectively, who have made their history and doctrines a special study.

VI.—In the preparation of the present volume, nearly a hundred collaborators have assisted, including persons in almost every part of the United States, in Great Britain, and on the Continent of Europe, whose names have attained an honorable distinction, each in some special branch of learning.

VII.—As far as is consistent with thoroughness of research and exactness of statement, the popular method has been pursued. By condensation and brevity, the Editors have been enabled to introduce a much greater variety of subjects than is usually found in similar works, and thus to enhance the value of The New American Cyclopaedia, as a Manual of Universal Reference. At the same time, an entertaining style has been aimed at, wherever it would not interfere with more important considerations.

VIII.—All the latest intelligence on every topic has been procured, and the information brought down to the very day of printing.

In fine, nothing has been left undone to render the new American Cyclopaedia the best, as well as the most recent, work of General Reference in the English language.

STEDMAN'S MAGAZINE.—The first number (May) of this new North-Carolina Magazine has been received, and

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